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Original Poetry.

LOGAN'S SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JAMES COGGINS.

The waters glisten as brilliantly,
As they did in the days of yore,
When the spark'ling rivolet moved by,
The happy Indian's door.
And the flow'rets bloom on its verdant brink,
Where the wild deer came in his joy to drink.
But the thought to the mind comes sad and still,
Of the form that roamed by this glancing rill.

For Logan oft on its banks hath stood,
At the summer evening's close;
When the clouds shown bright in the gorgeous west,
As the tints of the vernal rose.
His heart was as pure as the sighing fount
That gushed forth from the rocky mount,
And his form as light as the morning air,
That kisses the cheek of the maiden fair.

But the rifle rang on the river's side,
And the Indian's hope had fled;
"Not one" was left to gladden his heart
Or shelter his aching head.
His mirrored hut in the clear spring shone,
But its walls were dark, and silent, and lone,
Whilst the wild-wood echoed his battle shout,
As his tomahawk gleamed in the fearful rout.

And when the dark strife in the forest depths,
Had fled at the angel voice,
Of the bright winged seraph of peace, that bid
The land of the west rejoice;
The Red man buried the tomahawk deep,
In the vale where his forefathers calmly sleep,
But he sought a rest in the wilding glen,
To die far off from the homes of men.

THE BANKS OF THE JUNIATA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY L. J. CIST.

Alone! with nature, and with nature's God!
How have I loved at eventide to roam
Thy banks, wild Juniata! and look up
At rocky bluff, and wild o'erhanging cliff,
As lofty as they were the eyrie-home
Of the fair clouds of ever-gorgeous hue,
That sweep across the wide expanse of Heaven!

Then to look down into thy dark blue waves—
To mark the eddying of each limpid curl—
The sunbeams dancing in their wanton mirth,
Atween the shadows of the giant trees
Whose tall tops skirt the canopy above;
From out whose branches comes the joyous song
Of thousand birds, whose coral strains are fraught
With harmonies of Heaven; with praise to HIM,
Whose mind, infinite—and, omnipotent,
Alone could plan, create, and beautify,
A world, as ours so wonderful—a scene
As *this* so gloriously fair!

Original Tales.

THE SLIPPERS.
A Turkish Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Bakarah, though a miser, was one of the richest merchants in Constantinople. Camels laden with the most valuable productions of the East, constantly arrived at his warehouses, and the ocean wafted vessels to the harbor but to increase his wealth; yet he had a treasure in his possession still more desirable than his ivory or his pearls; it was the enchanting Zelica, his only child, who, scarcely fifteen, and blooming like an Houri of the Paradise, far outshone them all; but though so sweet a blossom, no one had yet proved sufficiently interesting to wind himself around her heart.

Going one morning to Mosque, attended by her black slave only, an aged female, bending beneath the weight of years, murmured an entreaty for alms. While searching for a purse suspended at her girdle, she unintentionally let her veil drop aside, and as, with a benevolent smile beaming on her countenance, she was giving the suppliant a small coin, her eye caught a youth ardently gazing at her from a balcony above. An instant warned her of her negligence; hastily replacing her veil, and a deep blush suffusing her cheek, she proceeded, taking the heart of the handsome Mahrondel with her, though not leaving him to bewail the loss, for, seizing his cloak, he swiftly followed her, keeping, however, at a distance, on account of the attendant. He saw her enter the Mosque and press forward, but the number of persons was too great to permit him to procure a place near her; however, he fixed his eyes, and followed her every movement, hoping his trouble would be rewarded by a kind look, but being deeply engaged in her devotion, she did not appear to regard him. Before the conclusion of prayers, he arose, and stationing himself at the grand entrance, waited for her. Many people passed, and he began to grow impatient. "Why," he muttered to himself, "should I be so foolish? I know her not, nay, perhaps, shall never see her again." The idea made him involuntarily sigh—he was angry at it. "Psha! I'll not suffer myself to be made captive by the glance of every bright eye—I'll be gone."

He felt inclined to put his threat into execution—advanced a few steps—faltered—turned around—and all his resolutions fled, for Zelica again appeared;—with a salute of the head, he made way to let her pass, but in passing, her hand touched his; the touch shot like fire through his veins;—she sighed. "Oh that sigh!" thought he, and she seemed to hesitate, but at that moment the envious black was behind, and they proceeded. Mahrondel again followed; in turning a street, a troop of janisaries were galloping towards the seraglio; a spirited horse curvetted, plunged, and had nearly thrown his rider. Mahrondel darted forward, for Zelica uttered a faint shriek, and was running back—"Be not alarmed lady," he exclaimed, "I will protect you with my life." He coloured for having expressed himself with such emphasis; Zelica trembled too much either to answer, or to thank him; the black frowned; "my good fellow," continued Mahrondel, perceiving it, "I surely know your face—Mesroud!"

"Ah, master," cried Mesroud, "'tis you then, I thought so, and am quite happy."

"You know Mesroud, sir," faintly articulated Zelica.

"He once belonged to my father, did you not?" said Mahrondel.

"Yes sir, yes, he beat me, but you, oh! how good, how kind you was."

The little tumult the horse had occasioned was now over, and the troop passed on, but as the black had become a friend, there was no opposition to Mahrondel's accompanying Zelica further, they soon became intimate, and when they parted each felt the pleasure of the other's company too much not to regret the separation. Already Zelica knew Mahrondel's history; his father was the Cadi, and he—her lover. She had arrived at her destination, Mahrondel was about to enter—"Hold master," cried Mesroud, "lady you forget your father." It was enough—again Zelica sighed, and removing her veil, intentionally now, her eyes beamed hope on Mahrondel's passion, while her lips thanked him for his gallantry. They had both vanished, yet he remained some time on the spot, expecting, though Zelica might not re-appear, to see Mesroud, but in vain.

The house in which Bakarah resided was situated on the banks of the Bosphorus. That very night Mahrondel rowed beneath the windows, and breathing in his flute, played a Turkish serenade. For once, however, his art was thrown away, all was silent, the air he played had once pleased him, but as it had failed to produce the intended effect, he now thought it dull, and throwing aside the instrument, he took part of the muslin which composed his turban, and rolling it in a body, cast it against a casement on the second story, trusting to chance for arousing the right person. He blest his lucky stars, for the fair Zelica soon appeared, but alas! his pleasure lasted not long, as she motioned him to begone. "Oh sweet Zelica, I cannot live in your absence."

"You can't hey?" cried a voice, "then you must die in her presence, for if you stay disturbing people with your nonsense you will certainly be killed." 'Twas Bakarah at a lower casement who said this, and Mahrondel now comprehended why the fair Zelica warned him away.

"Oh, sir," said Mahrondel, "if you knew me better."

"By Mahommed! but it strikes me I know you pretty well already. Are you not the son of old Gostanza the Cadi, who had me punished for throwing a slipper at him?"

Now the truth was, Bakarah had one night been breaking the laws of the prophet, by indulging in a little wine, which caused such a revolution in his head, (not the strongest at any time) that seeing Gostanza pass, in his way home, he must needs quarrel with him, and giving him a salutation on the cheek with his slipper, wounded him so deeply that he was under the necessity of giving Gostanza a sum of money to compromise the affair, as, had a trial ensued, and Bakarah's frailty been made public, no power could have protected him from the consequence of such a heinous crime.

"You may tell him," continued Bakarah, "he cheated me out of my money, for his head is too thick for my slipper to have had the effect he represented, and at the same time take this to console yourself. When your father complained against me, he no doubt hoped my slipper would prove my ruin; and when his hopes are really fulfilled, you shall have my daughter, and not before, by all the hairs that grace our prophet's beard! So set off directly, or dread a slipper at your head too!"

"Where you not the parent of so sweet a maid," answered Mahrondel, "you should repent your threats."

"By Allah! that reminds me—I had forgotten she was still in the balcony—a pretty thing for you to encourage this impudent fellow. Have you no shame on your father's account?—to make assignations by moonlight—do you not dread its beams? To talk openly with a man too! Are you not afraid of the prophet's vengeance?"

"Indeed, father," said Zelica, beseechingly, "the young man is so kind, so respectful, it was but this morning he preserved my life, nor, on my honor, have I spoken to him since."

"But I dare say if you've not spoken, you have made signs—oh you jade—I warrant you've not been wicked for want of means! Women have a thousand tricks at their fingers' ends. I dare say you could contrive, on an emergency, to give this dog a signal of your love, by your veil or your handkerchief."

Bakarah little knew how apt a pupil he had; still less did he suspect his precepts would have been so readily put in execution. The hint was certainly not a bad one, and true love soon caught at it. Taking the muslin Mahrondel had thrown, which had caught in the iron work that enclosed the window, she put it to her lips, and folding it over her bosom, formed it in a knot over the left breast. Hearing her father, who, being below, had not perceived the action, again repeat his command for her to retire, she left the balcony, motioning her lover away, who, kissing his hand, bowed in token of assent. Happily assured that Zelica did not hate him, he thought little of her father's enmity, and perfectly pleased with the events of the evening, he seated himself in his bark, and soon lost sight of the mansion of Bakarah, though the whole scene again passed before him in his dreams, and in imagination he a second time beheld his Zelica assuring him of her affection.

CHAPTER II.

When a night's repose had cooled Mahrondel's ideas, he began to consider that Zelica's love could not conduct him to the temple of happiness, whilst those ill-fated slippers crossed his path. At sunrise he paid his duty to his father, who, far from appearing enraged when he frankly avowed his attachment, promised that if he should surmount Bakarah's dislike, he would not prove an obstacle to his felicity. As Mahrondel was returning the preceding evening, a man had fallen with a fit into the street, and not being known was carried to the Cadi's house. A thought struck Mahrondel, and going where the lifeless man lay, he took his slippers, and placed them in his girdle.

The beams of the morning sun had scarce gilded the spires and minarets of the city, when Mahrondel again sought the place that contained all his hopes and wishes. Though he waited long in the street, as it was early, he did not fear being discovered. At length the door of Bakarah's house opened; he skipped behind the pillar of a large portico opposite, and anxiously fixed his eyes on it. Bakarah came out and took the way to the public bath; Mahrondel softly followed, and when Bakarah entered, he also went in, though concealing himself from observation. The old man, as was the custom, left his slippers at the entrance; these Mahrondel quickly seized, and replacing them with those he had brought, soon regained his father's house.

When Bakarah left the bath, he in vain sought his slippers; but seeing a pair so much better in their place, (for, owing to his miserly disposition, his own had many patches on them,) went home contented with the exchange. In the course of the morning he was not a little surprised by a troop of guards, who surrounded his doors, and demanded to conduct him, instantly to the Hall of Justice. In vain he enquired their orders, expostulated, prayed, demanded; they forced him along, and he soon found himself in the presence of old Gostanza, the Cadi, and the judges of the city.

Doubting whether he was well awake, he stared in astonishment, but his dread was increased, when accused of having murdered a man in the public streets; his teeth chattered, and he could scarcely answer. At length, however, he gained breath to deny the charge, though in a very incoherent manner. As a proof of his guilt, his slippers, which had been found on the dead man's person were produced. Bakarah cursed in his soul, both the slippers and those who held them. He could not deny the knowledge of them; many declared having seen them in the court before, and the Cadi still remembered the weight of them on his cheek.

Those Bakarah had on were next examined; he was asked how he came by them? he explained his adventure at the baths that morning, and was laughed at. The deceased had been recognized, and his brother came forward and declared, that the slippers Bakarah then wore were the murdered man's. He now really trembled for life. "How," said the Cadi, "could a man who was found in the streets last night, go to the public baths this morning, and change a pair of slippers?"

The case was clear, Bakarah had equivocated and was guilty; all appeared lost, when a young man stepped forward and begged to be heard. Bakarah could not believe his eyes—it was Mahrondel! He swore that at the time the man was found murdered, Bakarah was in his own house. The old man breathed again. Assistance from whence he little expected almost overcome him—Mahrondel therefore declared Bakarah was not the murderer, Bakarah seized his hand; he said more, that the murdered man was not murdered. An examination ensued; no wounds appeared, and it was discovered by the surgeons that the man had dropped down in a fit. Bakarah was acquitted on paying all the charges, and of course was glad to get off so well; for on the first appearance of the affair a coincidence of events seemed to forbode his destruction. The unfortunate slippers were delivered to him, and he returned home.

On his way there he thought of what had passed. Had it not been for Mahrondel he probably would have lost his life; he felt almost inclined to bestow his daughter on the young man. But when seated in his library the affair assumed a different appearance; he examined every circumstance coolly, and began to suspect the truth. This irritated him more than ever against Mahrondel, and cursing him and the slippers, he vented his rage in execrations—"I see it all," he exclaimed, "I foolishly said that when these confounded slippers proved my ruin, he should have Zelica, and 'tis thus the wicked dog wants to cheat me out of her, but by Mahommed he shall be baffled." The library overhung the river; the casement was thrown up to admit the breeze; the slippers lay before him; Bakarah felt determined; he seized them in a phrenzy, and cast them in the water. "Thank heaven," ejaculated he, "I am now safe." This action quieted his mind, and by night he was calm enough to give pretty loud symptoms that the events of the day had in nowise disturbed his repose.

When Bakarah arose in the morning he went as usual into his library; but who can conceive his astonishment, when he beheld the slippers lay before him? "Surely," he cried, gasping for breath, "some evil spirit possesses them. Am I awake? I am certain yesterday's sun beamed on them in the river; 'tis incredible! but what is the smell? he turned round, for the slippers had done more mischief than he at first imagined. The truth was, some fishermen came early that morning under Bakarah's windows to draw their nets, and finding them heavy, conceived they had taken some fish, but in searching, all they discovered were the slippers; in a rage they jerked them away, and Bakarah's casement unfortunately happened to be the only one open; in they went, and striking a jar of odour of roses, for which the merchant had paid a large sum the day before, the force of the slipper broke it, and half the liquor had scented the floor. Bakarah, when he beheld the accident, fell on his knees. "Oh, Mahommed, deliver me of these slippers, or I shall indeed be ruined." He called his slaves to save what they could of the perfume, and rushing out, felt determined to get rid of his curse. He came to the sewer, which carried off the filth of the town; "no fishermen shall drag ye out again," said he, as he threw the slippers in.

Mahrondel, who had been watching that morning, saw Bakarah go, and waiting 'till out of sight, boldly knocked at the door; Mesroud opened it, "ah, master," cried he, "my lady will be so glad to see you again."

"Will your lady be glad, Mesroud? You enchant me; conduct me to her instantly."

"But then if old Bakarah should return?"

"Never mind old Bakarah," and Mahrondel had nearly pushed him down, so anxious was he to make use of the opportunity.

They were soon together, and minutes flew rapidly away. Zelica informed him of her father's rage being increased, and his suspicions, which he could not help uttering in her presence. Mahrondel cursed his penetration. Mesroud, who had retired to watch for his master, in a short time warned them of his approach; but how Mahrondel could escape without being perceived was a doubt. While they were debating, Bakarah arrived in the street, and they could no longer hesitate. The lover decorated himself in one of Mesroud's vests, and disguising his face as much as the time would permit, he passed off for a brother of Mesroud's who was deaf and dumb. Bakarah asked many questions, and at the same time eyed Mahrondel so closely, he almost thought the old man suspected him.

Though all went on well, Zelica and Mesroud felt confused, while Mahrondel often wished himself out of the house. Bakarah had not broken his fast that morning, and the agitation of his spirits had almost thrown him into a fever; he unfortunately felt his appetite craving its usual allowance. "Mesroud," said he, "I wish you would go and order some fruit and ices to eat with my breakfast, they will be cooling."

"I'll go, brother," quickly answered Mahondel, thinking it would be a good opportunity to escape.

"What," cried Bakarah, "the dumb opens his mouth at the mention of eating! this is a miracle I do not understand."

The trio were now in an unpleasant situation, through the imprudence of the lover; however, as he found a discovery must ensue, he put the best face he could on the affair and tried to pass it off as a joke. But nothing could pacify Bakarah, who threatened, if he did not leave the house directly his slaves should force him. As for Mesroud, he was too, promised a beating; but he consoled himself with the hopes of revenge on his master at some future period.

* * * * *

Two days had passed, and Mahrondel had not dared to make another attempt at seeing his beloved, when the whole city were alarmed by a stoppage of the water that supplied their houses, in vain the reason was enquired into; no one could solve the wonder, and at last it was deemed advisable to examine the grand reservoir. After some labor and much expense, they tore down the masonry, and the cause of the stoppage was found to be—Bakarah's Slippers. When he heard of it, his rage almost threw him into convulsions; "Some Genii or some Devils possess them to work my woe," he exclaimed.

He soon received a summons to appear, and was demanded how he dared attempt such a treason to the city as closing the pipes. Bursting with vexation he repeated what he had done to get rid of the slippers, the breaking the perfume jar, and the putting them into the sewer from whence they had been carried into the public reservoir. The judges felt inclined to laugh at his misfortunes, however as the damage was unintentional, he was allowed to go, on paying the treasury what it had cost them in pulling down and rebuilding.

He scarcely found his way home, so stung was he by resentment, and so mortified by the loss of his money. He muttered as he went along, "Mahrondel shall not have my daughter, though Heaven seems to predict it." His mishaps had made him more obstinate than ever, and when he arrived, Zelica was so much frightened at his appearance, that she retired in dismay to her chamber. He ordered a large fire to be prepared instantly, and throwing the slippers in. "At last," said he, "I'm determined to see you no more; when I cast you in the river ye were fished out again, when I put you in the sewer ye made the whole town suffer, but I'll defy any one to get ye now!" The slippers seemed as obstinate as Bakarah in giving him the lie, for the leather had imbibed the moisture to such a degree, that they would not burn. Bakarah found his anger useless, and that he must give up the idea of consuming them till dry; a leaden gutter extended along the portico of the house, and placing them there, he ejaculated, "I see I must be plagued with you some time longer, but I shall bless the hour the sun has sufficiently hardened ye, that I may commit ye to the flames again; and by Allah! when ye are destroyed, I will give a public rejoicing!

The vexations Bakarah endured, had prevented his visiting the mosque—he now determined to go, and arranging the folds of his turban more carefully went out, but as fortune or fate would have it, as he passed the threshold, the slippers, by some means, fell from the roof, and came tumbling on his head. Though the blow had confused his ideas a little, he managed to look up, hoping to find out who had done it, and saw a cat running along—he took the slippers from the ground, and threw them, one after another, at the animal. He missed his aim and they went in at the windows. He was beginning to curse, and re-enter the house to stop the blood which issued from his nose, when a loud shriek pierced his ears. Not knowing the reason he ran quickly up to his daughter's chamber and beheld her on the floor, with the slippers by her. She had fainted, and while Bakarah called his slaves, he attempted to revive her, but finding it in vain, he began to tremble.

"Oh, merciful Allah," cried he, "protect your faithful Musselman, and let not my daughter's blood sink on this head."

The attendants had now come, but their endeavors were also vain to bring Zelica to life; though no wound appeared, the cursed slippers had struck her somewhere on the head; and Mesroud consoled his master by repeated exclamations that she was murdered.

"You cruel man!" said he, "it serves you right, had you but united my poor, dear, beautiful dead mistress to the man she loved, all would have been well; to be sure you did swear that when those slippers ruined you, their marriage should take place, and though that has happened (for ruined he certainly is who kills his own daughter) yet alas! 'tis of no avail!"

Drops of perspiration stood on Bakarah's brow, his joints trembled, and he fell on his knees. "Oh, Mahommed, restore my Zelica, and I vow, by all my hopes of Paradise, since 'tis clearly your wish, that I will no longer oppose her union with Mahrondel, the Cadi's son." He arose. "Oh, those cursed, cursed slippers, they have indeed proved my ruin, and I find 'tis to war against Fate." Zelica now began to recover, though slowly, (for know, gentle reader, though apparently dead, she was as much alive as you who honor this popular paper by a perusal.) Thinking it unnecessary to feign longer, she in a short time was perfectly revived, to Bakarah's great joy, who did not suspect the trick practised on him. When Zelica saw the slippers enter her window, she was not touched by them, the idea struck her that answered her purpose so well. Bakarah's vow had been heard by Mesroud, and the rest of the slaves, so that an attempt to deny it would have been fruitless; he therefore sent for old Gostanza, who was too good a man to object to a reconciliation, and had his son's happiness too much at heart to find obstacles to the proposed union. He soon prepared the necessary papers, nor had he reason to complain of his friend Bakarah, whose miserly disposition the late events had completely turned; and who, having promised to give a public rejoicing whenever he got rid of his slippers, performed his promise on the day that he saw the lovers united; for Mahrondel joyfully accepted them as a remembrance of the means by which his marriage had been brought about, and what is remarkable, long as he lived to enjoy the society of the beauteous Zelica, he never beheld them but with gratitude for the blessing they had been the humble instruments of Providence in bestowing on him.

Domestic Sketches.

THE VENDUE:
Or, The Landlord and the Tenant.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

"Heigho!" sighed Mr. Paul Poorphiz, as he laid down the newspaper, "people without children are not expected to live anywhere. Here are any number of houses advertised,—all in eligible situations—excellent water,—every convenience—to let to small genteel families—*without children!* What, in such a dilemma, am I to do with the pledges of affection that I am blessed withal—confound *such* security, as if I could not take affection for granted—what!"

Mr. Poorphiz is a gentleman of decayed expectations—his hopes having all suffered an untimely blight, and drooped and withered like wheat, passing into straw from long drought, before it reaches a head. Those "expectations" have led him a weary dance, now apparently within his very grasp, and now, when he would clutch them, fading from his reach. He cannot say, however, that they have "left not a wreck behind," for they have left a moral and a physical wreck in the attenuated form of the victim of these delusions. He has buffetted with fortune till he can buffet no longer. Like a storm weakened tree, he is constantly bowed to the blast, in anticipation of its coming. His habitual attitude is deprecatory of whatever may befal; for, sure he feels that nought good can happen for him. He is so accustomed to reverse and misfortunes, that the only disappointment which can occur to him must be a piece of good luck. A circumstance so entirely unexpected to him as good fortune in any measure, might take him unawares, and thus disappoint; but things unpalatable and unpleasant he is never astonished or discomposed by. They come as matters of course and fill up the aggregate of his wretched existence. If he breaks an addled egg into his dish, he does not take the trouble to express any loathing or disgust, for sure he is, that if there are addled eggs about, they belong to him by the invariable disposition of dame Fortune.

The dress of the man is typical of his character. Every thread is a remnant of better cloth, and, like himself, of better days. The natural language of the whole man, and the man's whole (though darned) vestments is "Long Time Ago." His coat is buttoned to his chin,—perhaps to conceal a tattered vest, or the absence of one,—perhaps to prevent that last friend of his body, the soul, from taking flight away from it. His coat sleeve retreats from his wrist, and his well glazed glove is too firmly set in the corrugated wrinkles, acquired by long use, to be capable of stretching to reach his sleeve. His very hair shrinks from the person he is addressing and the lids of his eyes are half drawn over the pupils, as if he feared the very apples of vision would be taken from him by a judgment held by a creditor. His aspect is the meekness of "I cannot help it," and his manners speak as plainly as words could. "Whatever you may say, *I* may not retaliate." He knows no defence but retreat—no answer but submission. His head is drawn down to his shoulders, as if, like the shell to the turtle, that old coat were to him a complete defence—a panoply of mail. Poor turtle! A rich turtle, a quadruped, lives in his own house, and has no landlord! There is no slavery so deep as that of indebtedness. Once in, the meshes thicken till every struggle but confounds confusion. The law in some parts of the country takes the debtor's body—the fact, in *all* parts of the world takes his soul. He certainly cannot say it is his own, or if he do, 'tis but an empty boast. Paul Poorphiz would be as much astonished at his liberty, as was the prisoner of the Bastile, when the quarters so long tenanted by him were razed. Like that prisoner, the first act of his liberty might be to seek slavery again—such a master is habit.

Turn we to another picture. Poorphiz has brains, however long perdue. His opposite—opposite in more senses than one—has not. We are not about to characterise all the rich as fools, because, God willing, we intend to be classed in their category one of these days. But as fond parents always pet the least deserving child, so doth fortune seem to take an unaccountable pleasure in favoring fools. Peter Greatweight, the owner of the house into which Poorphiz, with his host of hungry little Poorphises, had insinuated himself, is an example in point. But Peter is of weight enough to begin a new paragraph.

Peter Greatweight is the antipodes of poor Paul. In corporeal obesity he is like a stall-fed ox, and were he estimated by pounds, would far outweigh any two ordinary men. From his youth up, the addition of money to his store has been his study. He never found time to get married; nor, while laboring for money, would he endure the expense. He did not find time to grow fat, until his property had so accumulated, and was so vested, that it would take care of itself, and leave him leisure to increase in circumference. He has but one measure of men—their money; but one cardinal virtue enters his catalogue, promptness in the payment of pecuniary obligations. Murder is scarcely a greater crime in his eyes, than the failure to meet an engagement; and the deepest disgrace that he can conceive, is the dishonor of a man's paper. He knows no such plea as inability—no such excuse as distress. Never having himself failed to fulfil the letter of his own bond, he can look with no shadow of charity upon those who do.

Peter is not a bear either, except to his debtors, and not to them, while the relation of debtor and creditor is a profitable one to himself, by the promptness of the former. He can even be liberal, where the investment tells, or conduces to his comfort or to his creditable appearance in his own eyes. His watch chain has an air of more massiveness and value than elegance. His coat, though not imitating the fashion at all, is of material the most elegant and finished. The minor matters of his toilet are well cared for, and his favorite posture—the thumb thrust in the armhole of his vest, and his coat thrown back, shows at once his independence of attitude, and of costume. He intends that all who see him should observe that his coat is intended to conceal nothing. His face wears in its usual aspect an air of stolid contempt; but can, upon occasion, assume a look of most determined ferocity, with an expressive cast of superiority, which is more provoking than the pugnacity. His nose takes a more decided turn up, and his nether lip presses against the upper, as if pressing a suit. Wo to the poor debtor or other poor dog, who meets him in this humor.

His pleasures are entirely sensual. He can appreciate nothing beautiful, but a beautiful sirloin. He can recognise the merit of no works of art, but pen sketches good at sight for a handsome face. He denounces all literature, particularly belles letters, as "poor stuff, it pays nothing." He can spend hours in deep and absorbing interest over a market report, and wonder how people can be interested in any other reading. Such a man is Peter Greatweight, who has been more than once an alderman, and always a man of note.

Having said that Peter is not married, of course we have no need to say that he has neither chick nor child. At Paul's sometime-considered encumbrances, but poetically deemed blessings, we have already glanced. Married early, he came under obligations to fortune for children, faster than he could have furnished bonds for their maintenance. Valuing his children at ten thousand dollars apiece, he could not count his landlord in such nominal wealth—but children are unfortunately even less profitable than lithograph lots. If for the latter one is taxed, so is he for his children; and while lots may be abandoned, and sold for taxes, children are not to be run away from so easily. Paul had received notice that he could not remain in his present quarters. Like all improvident men, instead of considering how he should get out of them, and retain possession of his furniture, he looked to something beyond, and studied how he should obtain new quarters, without considering the intermediate, and somewhat imperative necessity of procuring the "Received Pay" of old Greatweight. His reveries were disturbed by the entrance of a marshal bearing a warrant to distrain.

Mrs. Poorphiz declared that he was an ugly and unreasonable brute. The eldest daughter denounced the monster who presumed to want his money, in equally severe terms; and the flock of younger children gathered about their sire—as children always do when any important matter is going forward—and dinned in his ear requests and questions unpleasant enough at all times, but particularly so at such a juncture. Poor Paul dared not suggest that the event was one of very reasonable occurrence, though he had good sense enough to know so. He merely buttoned his coat as his wife scolded—brushed his hat with his sleeve as his children sniffled—let the door strike softly behind him, lest it should offend the posts, and in a few moments after gave a faint rap at the office door of the great Mr. Greatweight.

"Come in!" growled the occupant.

Poorphiz's heart sank at the tones of the great man's voice. With fear and trembling he obeyed the mandate, and in another moment stood inside the door, his hat to his breast in both hands. "I am one of your tenants, sir."

"Very likely," said the other, whose intuitive knowledge needed only a glance to perceive that such a caller did not come to ask a discount for rent paid in advance.

"And I wish to ask a—a—mere—postponement—of—a—"

Mr. Greatweight was actually astonished into rising from his chair. He took three strides toward his victim—three creditor's stride's, which placed him front to front. His feet extended apart, did not even then bring his altitude down to the more than habitual stoop of Paul Poorphiz. His coat was thrown off his shoulders, as he straightened his back—the thumb of either hand rose mechanically to his arm holes—his ample rotundity emphatically mocked the shrivelled figure before him—and his eyes looked a mixture of suspicion and indignation. "Sir!" he ejaculated—and then, as if afraid to trust lips which might be too prodigal of words upon a beggar, he pressed them together as if awaiting, but forbidding a reply.

Paul Poorphiz shrank before him, gave his eyes a very long and deliberate wink, and then stealing a glance up, as he bent his head yet lower down, proceeded—"A wife and ten children—"

"Whose wife, sir? Whose children, sir? *I* have no wife, though I *might* maintain one. I have no children, sir, and I cannot understand why my property should be forfeited for the maintainance of those of other people. You should have thought of these things when you got married, sir."

Greatweight sat down again to examine his file of mortgages. When, in a few moments he looked up again to ask the intruder why he did not "go sir," that intruder was gone. We do not believe Poorphiz slipped through the keyhole, but he certainly felt as if he had made his egress from the apartment in some such manner.

As Poorphiz took by-paths on his way home, to avoid the throng upon the pave, the freshness of Spring mocked his care-worn visage, and his brush-worn coat. Deeply he felt the debasement of his situation; and the knowledge that he had no right to feel abashed at poverty, but deepened his humiliation. Theory is very pleasant—and abstract truths are very evident—but it is hard to realize the one or the other when stubborn facts intervene. Poorphiz did straighten himself a little, as he snuffed the free air, and felt that it was free—but when he entered his own—we mean his landlord's door—the whole weight of his circumstances bowed him down again.

The red "vendue" rag in due time hung from a second story window. The throng in the street saw, without observing it. Some few, however, looked and passed on—others looked and passed in. The grave is a pleasanter place to visit than a house breaking up under such circumstances. The house of mourning suggests feelings less disagreeably melancholy. We can be reconciled to death—it is God's doings. We shudder with disgust at oppression—it is man's inhumanity. The last coals burned sluggishly in the grate, as if aware that they would be needed no longer. The family stood clustered at the jams, their bonnets and hats on, and small bundles in their hands, ready to go, Heaven knew whither, but reluctant to leave, not the house—but the familiar though pecuniarly worthless chattels piled in the room about them. As company came in, can we wonder that the desolate family looked upon them almost as persecutors? As four in five of the callers, after carelessly examining the apartment, and perhaps thoughtlessly kicking various articles in the course of that examination, turned and left, finding all worthless, can we wonder that the family loathed them as cruel and heartless? Deep—deep is the feeling with which poverty meets careless contempt!

The mother's eye wandered over the well-worn articles, upon which her ambitious housewifery had been so often exercised to keep them from decay. The very smell of the tobacco in the thread-bare carpet, from the "upper room," now thrown in a heap on the floor before her, was as the sweet but mournful savor of joy departed, to the now destitute housewife. The husband looked with more affection upon a pile of well read but well kept books—formerly dignified with the name of his "library"—now mocking the poverty of his distress, by their insignificance in number, and less than insignificance in dollars and cents. Yet to him they were priceless. Could his right arm have redeemed them, he would have held it in the fire—but there was no help, and none to offer help.

The auctioneer entered. His cold business-like air went like a death chill to the heart of the poor family. For the first time they felt that the fire was out—the room open—the house uncomfortable. The whole truth came to them, and as he proceeded in what seemed to them a mockery of their misery—as he indulged in what he meant for facetious remarks, and as the heartless company answered with peals of laughter, all save the father wept scalding tears. He could not weep. The fountain with him had dried long before. His grief did more for him than to bring forth tears. The heaviest blow had been struck. Within a few years, he had lost first property, then employment, then friends, then hope, by the reverses of the times. The appendix to all his reverses—the sum, embodiment and recapitulation of all, had reached him, in the sale of his furniture. Fortune had done its worst, indignity the basest had been felt—the storm had struck in its heaviest weight and force. Paul felt as if with this last gust it had passed over him—and he raised his head and stood erect.

Not a muscle moved, till the auctioneer reached his books. His face did twitch, as the ass talked of matters which he did not understand, and tried to be wise without the first requisite. His darling consolers in affliction were knocked down one by one, at nominal prices. The purchasers looked merely at the binding, not the contents; and Paul's taste in the selection of each volume was bid off at from threepence to a shilling. One book remained.

"Here gen'lman—here's the bible—the fam'ly bible—who bids for the fam'ly bible, and tear out the fam'ly register—of no use except to the owner. Here goes the fam'ly bible—all the genealogy of the Poorphizes, from Adam down. I am offered how much for this bible—worth two shillings for wrapping paper—how much?"

Paul's heart smote him, and he felt himself bowing again.

"Will nobody give any thing? Nothing for the fam'ly Bible? What shall we give any gentleman to take it? Shall I have a shill'n—shill'n I'm offered—one shill'n—one shill'n—one shill'n—one shill'n—"

"One dollar!" said Paul, in a more manly tone than he had before spoken for years.

"One doll—one doll—one doll—one doll—going, going, gone at one dollar—gone! Whose is it?"

Paul stepped forward, and tendered his last dollar.

"Upon—my—word! Well, really"—said the auctioneer, actually touched, "I won't hold you. Say you hav'n't a dollar, and I'll put it up again. Can't trust, you know. Say you havn't a dollar, and I'll knock it down to you directly for sixpence."

Paul paid his dollar resolutely—for whenever a man is poorest, he is most ready to be liberal. He drew again to his corner, with the book under his arm—a book to which he had too seldom referred to know its contents, and as he retired, it seemed to him that if the tree of his hopes was felled, the root was left in his hands. He felt that he had even gained a victory in redeeming that book and its associations from the ribaldry and the contempt of stranger hands.

A few short minutes sufficed to finish the story. The little inventory was soon run through. Mechanically Paul opened the book, as he stood by his cold hearth stone. His thoughts were elsewhere—and he did not notice, till handed to him by his child, that a parchment had fallen from it. As mechanically as he had opened the book, he opened the scroll—and was *disappointed!*

"Water—water!" said the bustling auctioneer—"why, d——n it, they havn't left a bowl in the house." And he bore the fainting man to the air. A few minutes revived him—for joy seldom kills. That parchment was his father's will, and when we have said that the man who was never disappointed, except by good fortune, was disappointed in the paper, the reader may guess its tenor.

The Bible lay open upon the floor. Singularly enough, it was open to the passage, "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children." Unbelievers have scoffed at this. Good Christians have staggered. Yet, in God's providence to this family, had the sentence been proved. They had suffered—and for his father's faults—for that father, in all his characteristics, was the pattern of Paul's present oppressor. In a fit of spleen at Paul's marriage of a poor girl, he had made a will, disinheriting his only son, to endow a public institution. Better thoughts came with later days, and in a subsequent testament, the very document accidentally brought to light, he had divided his property between the son and the first object of miscalled liberality, but actual injustice.

Help is always ready for those who do not need it. Old Greatweight himself was one of the first to discover that the man was "really somebody," and offered an advance, well secured and well paid for, it is true, which put the family on their legs again. The first thought of the simple and single-minded Paul, was to collect as many of his own, old sorrow-endeared articles of house furnishing together as he could find, and again the house was his home. His little library is again on its modest shelves, flanked by more gaudy neighbors, but none so highly valued. *That* carpet Mrs. Poorphiz has cut up into chamber carpets, and still maintains they are the best in the house, and that none are now manufactured which can be compared to those which "they used to make."

But our other friend, Greatweight, what shall we say of him? He never was guilty of actual dishonesty—he keeps without the reach of the law—he has lived and died an "upright citizen." The reader must form his own opinion of his character. We have no need to write his eulogy; for the marble is quarried which will emblazon that. None but good rich men die, if we are to trust such records—though the truly good leave no provision for lying tombstones.

Original Nouvellette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.
A Tale of '76.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER III.

SABBATH EVENING—AN ATTACK.

"Well, Caroline," said her uncle, as she entered the house, "what said the rebel parson, to-day? Did he tell thee to 'Fear God and honor the king?' Or is there a leaf torn out of his book, where such inconvenient passages occur, as those that teach us our duty to our sovereign?"

"Really, uncle," answered the maiden, with a sad smile,—a smile intended to disarm his suspicions by a pretence of cheerfulness, but which only made her uneasiness the more paplable—"Really, uncle, if you will know what the minister says, you must go and hear for yourself."

"Hoot, toot, girl—you know that is out of the question. Even were it perfectly convenient, I should hesitate. I have too much real kindness for the old man to put myself in the way of criminating him. Even if my duty, as holding a commission, though a humble one, under His Majesty's government, did not compel me to cause the preacher of sedition to be arrested at once, I could not be cognizant of his pious treason, without being a witness against him by and bye. I am well advised that while all mercy consonant with justice and policy will be extended to the misguided, arch rebels and leaders like this parson, cannot be permitted to escape. The majesty of the British crown cannot be trifled with; and you may rest assured that vigorous measures are maturing, not only to crush this insane rebellion, which will be easily effected, but to punish severely those who have abused their position, and sinned against light and knowledge in leading the ignorant and thoughtless to their own destruction. Nay, nay, you need say nothing, girl. I would not distress you, and will not therefore require that you should tell me any thing that compels action on my part. I will not seek occasion to proceed against those whom I once loved and still desire to respect." And with a most satisfied expression of countenance at his own mercy and clemency, Col. Morgan ceased the loyal oration which he had many times before repeated to his ward, who was now the only listener to the words of the former magnate of the village.

Caroline sat thoughtfully at the window. She was filled with pain and with alarm at some uncertain impending evil. She was astonished at the infatuation of her uncle, which, it seemed to her, had strangely shut his eyes to the true state of things and the actual circumstances around him. She ran over in her mind the names of all who had been, and not many months before, visitors at the hospitable mansion; and she could not remember one who, at that moment, could be called upon for counsel and assistance. She felt grieved that Horace had left her in such a dilemma; for though satisfied with the sincerity of his assurance that no harm should befal any whom she loved, she could not fail to perceive in that very assurance, the intimation that dangers threatened. While she thus sat and pondered, she was startled by the presence of some person crouched beneath the window, but concealed her emotion from her uncle,—a task not difficult, indeed, for exhausted with the fervor of his loyal address, the old gentleman had permitted Sancho Panza's panacea to master him in his chair.

Caroline sat perfectly quiet, and in a moment more, she saw the corner of a paper rising above the window seat. She reached and took it—and concealing it in her dress, rose and looked forth, determined to catch a peep at the messenger,—but he so suddenly took the shelter of an angle of the building, that her purpose was defeated. The shades of evening had now fallen, and, admonished by the chill air she closed the window, and leaving her uncle still asleep, proceeded to another apartment, and read the following words hastily pencilled.

"The writer of this may see you in an hour or two. Do precisely as he bids. Follow to the letter also the directions of old Jacob—and trust one who has never deceived you for the rest."

She could hardly repress a bitter thought. That her uncle's own servants were in league against him was evident; and while her whole soul was with her patriotic countryman, it was not to be expected that she, any more than others, could see at once the necessity or admit the propriety of such a disturbance of the domestic relations as this implied. In other words, while she approved the general purposes of the colonists, she shrunk back at the details, and shuddered at the realities of what her uncle was in the habit of denouncing as "rebellion," but which her lover called resistance, and defended as patriotism. The point of view from which woman looks at life is necessarily in contrast with that from which man sees it; and her position involves painful sacrifices and anxious thoughts, of which the other sex have often neither appreciation nor conception.

Anxiously curious as to what this mysterious warning could portend, she still felt aware that the household duties must proceed, and roused her uncle, to partake the evening meal. The shutters were drawn, and a small wood fire upon the hearth, comfortable, if not necessary, even at the close of April, threw a cheerful light over the apartment, which was little in keeping with the thoughts of our heroine. The evening Sabbath repast at that day in New England, was of a more substantial character than upon other days. The Puritan custom of presuming, at least, that all the members of a household attended public worship, adjourned the dinner to become an adjunct of the later repast; and the substantial provision of creature comforts which graced the ample board of Col. Morgan would have served a much larger hosehold than his.

The farm hand, Jacob, and the housekeeper, took their places at table on Sunday evenings. The theory of New England housekeeping at this period, in the country, supposed that all members of the family came together at the table, but in houses like Col. Morgan's, the "help" generally discovered that they had something particular to do, precisely at meal times. Old Jacob in particular was always absent, except on Sunday evenings, when his habilaments, while they made his awkwardness the more conspicuous, comforted his self love, by removing the only real distinction which he admitted to exist between himself and his employer.

Col. Morgan, unaware of the character of the intelligence which had reached the town, for the reason that there was no one to inform him of it, presided at table with his usual self-possession. Old Jacob, however, fidgetted more than ever, particularly when he encountered the searching glances of Caroline's eye—for she was resolved, if possible, to detect what precise connexion existed between the old man, and the note which she had received. In his bungling efforts to appear unconcerned, and at ease, he was guilty of all sorts of blunders and errors, to the infinite amusement of the old housekeeper, and the astonishment of the Colonel, neither of whom had the key to this most unusual conduct. Even Caroline, dismissing graver thoughts began to enjoy the comedy of the scene, while she wondered still where it would all end. The note, in which she recognised Horace Lee's hand, had informed her that she would see him in an hour or two. This was not the least puzzle in the matter—for as the Colonel had long since forbidden the young "rebel and traitor" to come to the house, and as the note designated no place at which the meeting was to take place, the poor girl was sadly in the dark. The only way in which she could account for such an omission was the supposition that Jacob was to be her guide; but that worthy, always reserved, and in mortal trepidation if she spoke to him, seemed more unconscionably stupid than ever. Far from intimating any wish to speak to her, he seemed exceedingly anxious to avoid any conversation. Usually upon the Sabbath old Jacob, with prudent care to husband the full benefit of his Sunday clothes, spent the evening out. To night, by some strange perversity, he intruded upon the Colonel's Sabbath fireside, with a most unusual pertinacity, sitting uneasily in the room, until past the hour when, on Sunday night, the whole family were usually in their beds.

"Why Jake! What ails the man?" at length shouted Col. Morgan abruptly, as he began to perceive that something unusual was in the wind.

"Me—me sir! *Me?* Oh nothing!"

"Me sir—me—me!" startled the Colonel, mimicking him—"does anything ail any body? Does any thing ail *me* sir, that you are looking and stuttering, and gaping open-mouthed, first at my niece, and then at myself? Does any thing ail her? Are you all bewitched, or not?"

"Oh!" screamed poor Jacob, jumping up, and shouting in alarm, as a small piece of light timber which had rested against the house outside, fell down, and in its descent played a tune upon the clapboards, like a prolonged watchman's rattle. "Oh! Oh dear!"

"Why what a fool!" shouted the Colonel. "If you had not left that bit of board there last night, like a sloven, instead of carrying it away as you ought, when you had done with it, it would not have frightened what little sense there was in your noddle out of it."

"But—I—hear—footsteps—I—" stammered the old man, now turning as pale as a sheet. And this is the man, thought Caroline, with justly offended pride, whose directions I am to follow!

"Jacob!" said Caroline, with a voice in which there was more than a thought of sternness. Utterly unaware what to do, or say, or whether any danger threatened or not, she felt that it was absolutely necessary to recall the old man to himself, if there was any thing to be expected from him. Jacob stood bolt upright the picture of alarmed indecision, but at the sound of Caroline's voice he rallied so far as to exhibit in his face an indefinite determination forthwith to do something—or other, it did not seem that he knew precisely what.

Now the sound of footsteps on the gravel walks outside became frequent, though there was an evident effort on the part of the strangers, whoever they might be, to avoid creating any alarm. Jacob's trepidation increased visibly, and the grotesqueness of his attitudes and gestures became painfully ludicrous. Now he put his hands to his own head—and now reached toward the head of his master, as if in his absence of mind and memory he did not clearly know whose temples it would be melo-dramatic to press in his perplexity.

To the noise of footsteps was now added the buzz of voices. Caroline, the picture of woe, sank in a chair, and the old house-keeper mechanically scraped up the spoons and other silver, and bustled out of the room with them. A low whistle sounded—and poor old Jake pursed his lips in a most lamentably weak effort to answer the signal.

"You infernal old traitor!" said the Colonel between his teeth, and running to the wall he reached up for a musket, which he kept hanging there loaded and primed for any exigency. Jake rushed after him. Caroline screamed in terror—and Jake, before his master could turn, laid a pair of violent hands upon his—wig!

With this innocent trophy, the old servant, who seemed now to have recovered his senses, darted through the door into the hall. Col. Morgan as much amazed as exasperated, dropped the muzzle of his gun at the closing door, and—the lock clicked. Jacob had foreseen some such emergency, and made wise provision against it.

"The scoundrel!" screamed the old loyalist. "What infernal plot is this, in which my own household are leagued—and what has my poor wig done, pray?"

He ran to the window, and was proceeding to throw up the sash when he was suddenly seized from behind, and his exclamations of "Rebels!" "Traitors!" and "Villains!" were stifled with a handkerchief which was crammed into his throat. His coat was next stripped off, and his arms and legs were instantly pinioned, and he laid upon the floor, incapable of either scuffling or shouting. All this was done in less time than we take to relate it.

"Burglary! Thieves! Murder!" shouted the old housekeeper, who had fled to her pantry, and just dared a peep now and then through a crack in the door—"Murder! Thieves! Burglars!"

Caroline sat trembling—but uttered not a word. She had recognized the burglar, for there was but one, when he entered. She saw in his entrance a fulfilment of the promise that she should met Horace Lee that night—but it was hard to reconcile his present conduct with the assurance that no harm should befal her, or her's.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE.

It is necessary, in order to the conduct of our story that we return to Horace Lee, who took leave of Caroline at the entrance of the avenue to her uncle's house, as related in Chapter II. He joined the young man in waiting, the purport of whose business was to invite him to a meeting, called for that evening at the village inn. That place had an importance, which made it a common rendezvous. There the weekly post brought the budget of news; and there chance travellers left their rumors, to the memory of the worthy landlord. He was remarkable chiefly, for always, and invariably insisting that his was the true version and no other. He took particular care that his relation of all facts and news should differ in some apparently essential particulars from the memory of every body else. In this way he established his say-so, and constituted himself a judge to hear final appeal—a circumstance, it is hardly necessary to remark, which made profitable business for the bar—as is usually the case in all appeals, we believe in every court.

It was Sunday evening. At any other time than this, the Sabbath would have been better regarded, for although the early Puritans were in the habit of relaxing their discipline at sundown, and giving themselves more license on Sunday than on Saturday evening; still at no time, except on the receipt of such news as agitated the settlement on the day when our story opens would the public house have brought together so many of the farmers and villagers. Of course the landlord was in his highest glory, delivering the decision that "it was so," and "it wasn't so," with the proper solemnity and positiveness of a man of note.

But as the two young men entered the house there was a shout all round—"Here he is himself!" "Now we shall know!" "James will tell us all about it!"

"Not," replied James Brenton, for that was the name of him whom we have hitherto called the messenger—"Not until I understand that telling all about it will be of some use. Why would you hear? Will you *do?*"

"Do what?" asked one and another. Several too about this moment discovered that "it was high time to be at home." Many shrunk quietly away without a word, unwilling that their noisy protestation should be put to any test. Brenton eyed the thinning assembly with a contemptuous smile, as

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is one of the ordinarily remarkable things in matters notable, but not extra-ordinary, because expected common, how exactly the public pipe *suits itself* to be played upon by false reports, without an effort to be or even to seem angry. Specious things unfounded rumors, or exaggerate the truth till there is not enough of the foundation apparent to identify it; and under cover of these artfractual and interesting pretenses, make the rounds of money. The deed is discovered, and those who have suffered by it, even, take the whole thing as a matter of course, and in a week is forgotten. This is "obtaining money under false pretences," and clearly "indictable," if one could only discover and get it. Nobody, of course, is to blame for taking advantage of a popular rumor when once current. The law is one thing—common sense another—and it is a matter as hard to discover, as the quadrature of the circle. Perhaps nobody true—and the man for this specific may be found—is prepared for outrage in kind, or a consciousness that his shirts are clear. At any rate, we never heard of a man, however high-minded, who did not say that he would run about Change, assuring people that the popular pause was all false. It would take two or three "cents" of the ancient philosopher to find a person honest enough to do this till after business was done.

Still, it is remarkable, as we said at the outset, that the commercial public has endured such things without a murmur, ever since there was a commercial public. We can conceive of no more culpable prophecy that the same thing will continue as long as people buy and sell.

Touching prophecies, our readers will find some curious statements relative to delusions now current in Europe, in our Bristol Correspondent's letter No. 2, which we publish to-day. We have not room, and that it has led to such scenes as to require the intervention of the police, and the confinement of one by visiting then a lunatic asylum. Those persons who promote and abet these melancholy delusions, have a fearful account to render!

The foreign news in this day's paper does not supply matter of much national interest. Some of the quietness we see, in the Queen of England's visit to Germany, the success of Aguasvivas's pirate-party, and really pre-conceited Congress of Sovereigns. They think that other monarchs will improve the opportunity, and, as the Yankees say, "go the whole"—it is possible, but if true, is of a great deal more consequence to Europe than to us. The New World has an important mission before her, in the development and progress of the human race, which all the crowned heads in the world can neither arrest nor impede. Nor do we think they care to attempt it. They have sufficient to do at home the wise in gracefully assisting their revolutions, and make the remain to the inevitable march of events—the foolish in shutting their eyes to what is going forward, and trying to blind themselves to the hurry that will be not officially recognized at Court has no existence.

Our readers, who are of average intelligence age enough to recollect the accounts which the public journals published of the murder of the Turks, at Navarino, cannot have forgotten the moral difference with which the Musselmans met death there. A similar carelessness and composure is described as having been displayed during the frightful scenes which resulted from the collision of two Turkish steamers, the particulars of which will be found in our foreign news to-day. It would seem that the followers of the Prophet have little changed in their demeanor amid misfortune.

Ireland remains quiet—dull and in confusion. What will be the result of the movements of Conciliation Hall, we cannot guess at. The last report now is that the first cousin of Agitation" is in the natural course of events his life must soon hundred years, if it could with fair faith, issue an the stage now who could wear his mantle.

The publishers of the New York Mirror have found it necessary to make the copyright of Mr. Willis's letters imperative and unconditional. To continue the variety of our sheet, and keep his own name—or rather—reputation—up, he must employ gifted correspondents, we purchase of the Mirror the privilege of copying them. We have the benefit at an increased expense to ourselves—under the Post in this department as in others fresh and interesting, but the general character of the letters, we think, much less widely circulated by the press than heretofore.

While speaking of foreign matters we cannot refuse calling attention to the article upon the sale of the "Monte Cristos." The book is one of the character for bestiality in this country would further such a Tory Tale Writer with the theme for a long series of "American Sketches," in Blackwood.

MOVEMENTS.

The power of advertising is not of a sneaking peace is, as our readers are of course all aware, not vested in the President of the United States: but it is his duty to command the army and navy, and act with all the forces at his command. The Washington Union under the head of "Preparations," states that such orders have been issued, and will put every thing in readiness for any emergency.

Among its summary of movements the Union says that the Potomac at Pensacola was nearly ready for sea at the last accounts. So also the Macedonian at Boston. The Congress at Norfolk, will sail for the Pacific on a few weeks—and the Cumberland, Commander Dupont goes in her on special service. The Boston will be ready for sea, after the stations at Boston, (both frigates), will, as a reserve force be ready for sea, the one in thirty, the other in forty days, if needed. The brig Dolphin will be ready for sea, as also is the sloop Dale. The Union adds

It is to be hoped, there will be no occasion for employing any part of this additional force, but if such be the case, we have no doubt that it will prove to be necessary orders for the Pacific station were immediately given. The Cyane will be a valuable aid to our squadron in that ocean: and with the returning East India squadron, and the Constitution, we are persuaded that our forces for the Pacific will be not very inferior to those of any power opposed to the laws, has been appointed under Sheriff of place of the lamented Steele, and is active and an efficient officer.

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MOST MISERABLE.

At the bottom of one of the "Posters" of a Theatre in Paris, announcing for the week the following notice in Spanish and French, by applying at the office of the Theatre:

"Young Lucien Aguasvivas is entering the Theatre as Pepe upon a horse, and declares that they were conspiracies in Sinaloa and Durango, by applying at the office of the Theatre, &c. &c."

We cannot but notice about as impudent an outrage upon decency, and the public sentiment of right, as has been perpetrated for a long time. To the fact it conveys an enormous lie. The poor girls who may be inveigled by it into exposing their limbs before a gaping crowd, at a corps de ballet—shuffling about with the awkwardness, which the remains of their modesty must cause, and acting things as dolls, to set off the astonishing and ever ready graces of foreign figurantes, in whose way no modesty stands, will have as much to do with the Theatrical Profession, as those same girls are usually understood, than a city lamp-lighter has with the Astron. Boston, with the confidence of a stage-manager-manager-puffed aside, jested and insulted by the actor's proper, and tolerated merely by the multitude, as a necessary evil, and a necessary part of many. The deed is discovered, and those who have suffered by it, even, take the whole thing as a matter of course, and in a week is forgotten. This is "obtaining money under false pretences," and clearly "indictable," if one could only discover and get it. Nobody, of course, is to blame for taking advantage of a popular rumor when once current. The law is one thing—common sense another—and it is a matter as hard to discover, as the quadrature of the circle. Perhaps nobody true—and the man for this specific may be found—is prepared for outrage in kind, or a consciousness that his shirts are clear. At any rate, we never heard of a man, however high-minded, who did not say that he would run about Change, assuring people that the popular pause was all false. It would take two or three "cents" of the ancient philosopher to find a person honest enough to do this till after business was done.

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MEXICAN NEWS.

Certain passages conveying the news from Mexico, which the last week brought us, are the curious of what effect they might produce by the circulation of rumor, surmise or falsehood for truth. We stated the history at the end of the week, that "Mexico had declared war against the United States." Certain stock-jobbers and stock-brokers improved the rumor to their advantage, and played fall in the price of stocks; not, indeed, proportioned to their fears, because they were greedy. To the fall in price to pay the expenses of a conspiracy to ruin the public, and, perhaps to pay a little more, little before a raging crowd, or a corps de ballet—shuffling about with the awkwardness, which the remains of their modesty must cause, and acting things as dolls, to set off the astonishing and ever ready graces of foreign figurantes, in whose way no modesty stands, will have as much to do with the Theatrical Profession, as those same girls are usually understood, than a city lamp-lighter has with the Astron. Boston, with the confidence of a stage-manager-manager-puffed aside, jested and insulted by the actor's proper, and tolerated merely by the multitude, as a necessary evil, and a necessary part of many. The deed is discovered, and those who have suffered by it, even, take the whole thing as a matter of course, and in a week is forgotten. This is "obtaining money under false pretences," and clearly "indictable," if one could only discover and get it. Nobody, of course, is to blame for taking advantage of a popular rumor when once current. The law is one thing—common sense another—and it is a matter as hard to discover, as the quadrature of the circle. Perhaps nobody true—and the man for this specific may be found—is prepared for outrage in kind, or a consciousness that his shirts are clear. At any rate, we never heard of a man, however high-minded, who did not say that he would run about Change, assuring people that the popular pause was all false. It would take two or three "cents" of the ancient philosopher to find a person honest enough to do this till after business was done.

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TRAGICAL OCCURRENCE.

A case of death by violence occurred in Washington, on the 13th inst. which creates a deep and painful excitement in that city. William Z. Kendall, son of Hon. Amos Kendall, shot dead, and by a friend, Josiah Bailey, a printer, formerly of Baltimore, and his left arm shattered by a revolving pistol, in the hand of William Rufus Elliott, a bachelor of John C. Rives, Esq. Bailey surrendered himself to the authorities, after the deed, and was committed to prison to await trial.

The following are stated to be the facts, as given in the correspondence of the Ledger, partly, we presume, from the testimony embodying the testimony before the Coroner's Jury:

For years past, these three young men have been intimate friends. Yesterday, in relation to the heart-rending occurrence, young Kendall and Elliott had a quarrel, which was patched up. About half-an-o'clock, young Elliott, armed with a six barrel pistol, and walking in the direction of the house, stationed himself on the corner immediately above the Globe office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Young Kendall and Bailey had been playing at Barker's Saloon, on the opposite corner. Just as Elliott stood there, they came out, and passing down by him, Bailey remarked to Elliott that he would settle that difficulty; Elliott, looking after them, replied, "You have your friend with you now."

Kendall and Bailey were joined on the other side of the street by Mr. Lenox, and had not been in conversation Kendall remarked, sagaily, "I will go over and tell Elliott that I have counted one, in reaching the spot where Elliott was, soon took the pistol from his pocket, presented it, and snapping his pistol and pulled the trigger; the cap exploded, but the pistol missed fire. Young Kendall, Elliott pulled the second trigger, when the ball entered Kendall's chest, between the second and third ribs, and he fell a lifeless corpse. Bailey, who had not heard Elliott's threat, before the fatal shot was uttered upon Elliott, who continued to fire. Only the first took effect upon Bailey, shattering his left arm. These are the facts submitted before a jury, and a verdict has been rendered in accordance therewith.

The Intelligencer says in relation to the examination: Before Coroner Donn, assisted by Messrs. Jones and P. R. Fendall, Esq., and his seat by the side of his counsel. James Hoban, Esq., District Attorney, and R. J. Brent, Esq., appeared on behalf of the United States. Nearly twenty witnesses were examined in the course of the day. The testimony elicited on the latter, at about half past five o'clock, when the counsel for the prisoner announced that at eleven o'clock, the accused expected depicted during the whole of the examination, and his eye was bruised and discolored by the blow he had received from Elliott. He had spent the day, before the fatal rencontre took place. It was arranged that the deposition of Mr. Bailey should be taken at the examining room in the city hall, and of counsel for each party. At the close of the investigation the prisoner was reconducted to prison in custody of the officers.

ELECTIONS.

Iowa.—The New York Tribune has a letter from Buffalo, dated August 15th, which states that the returns from the different counties in Iowa are received in sufficient season to enable the editor to say that the Democratic majority will be about 3,000.

Tennessee.—The Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Brown, is elected by a majority not yet ascertained, but probably about 2,000.

Kentucky.—The Congressional delegation is to consist of seven Whigs to three Democrats. The Legislature is Whig.

Alabama.—Both candidates for Governor are Democrats. The Legislature stands as follows: The whole Congressional delegation is Democratic.

Indiana.—There is a Democratic majority in the Legislature of 15 on joint ballot.

North Carolina.—The Congressional delegation is composed of six Democrats and three Whigs.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

We have seen a statement, which we published in one of the city papers, that "the sun seems to perform a daily circuit round our globe, but it is only apparent, not real." The sun stands still, and the globe moving round its axis from west to east, and not to the circuit of the sun, which on this respect is the centre of the solar system.

If this intelligence should be confirmed by further discoveries, the same philosophers who have turned down three not have been built for nought: nor will the brilliant season just passed have been spent fruitlessly.

Local Intelligence.

NUISANCES.

Every city has its peculiarities, and, of course, has to suppress nuisances in detail. It is not in our mind to write an essay upon peculiarities, though there is undoubtedly material sufficient, but to point out a single one which, if known to exist, is a nuisance. This is the occupation of the sidewalks by all vehicles propelled by hand for the currency sale of merchandise. The most pernicious and troublesome among these are the wheelbarrows with harrogates and jibbooms—prominent as the nose of Shakespeare's Pistol—which are made for those front these precursors while as yet the vehicle proper, is a long distance off and is turning round they begin to sweep as large a field as the whole width of the sidewalk. This extra growing is constantly increasing, and the ingenuity exercised in adapting these carriages to accommodate the side walks, would fit them for easy locomotion in their proper place, the middle of the street.

PENMANSHIP.

We had an opportunity on a recent occasion, to examine some specimens of the plain and ornamental Penmanship, executed by Mr. William Fife, of that city, and the superiority of the performances, induces him to be a perfect "artist" in the line he chooses to teach. If Dogberry's theory, that "reading and writing come by nature," be not correct, we have seen those who could not read or write, who were not only a legible, but beautiful hand, to avail themselves of the singular matter in your correspondence, as one of the signs of the times, which are now more than ever full of excitabilities. In if Mr. Fife's pupils do not soon become proficients in fancies should prevail? Yet so it is. Even in Germany, ever noted as a land of deep and gloomy metaphysics, of mystery ever sought for by the mystical, and therefore to the unattainable, I observe that the public attention according to recent statistics there are 40,000,000 of people. Still, superstitions and fanaticisms prevail—and will, it is to be feared, for a long while to come. The foreign fact that the "wonderful" is largely believed in all parts of the Protestant world. I mean Martin Luther! Well then, publications are going the rounds, to the effect that we are the present generation has taken to the study of that it had been traveled by Martin Luther. The rationalism is drawn from Luther's Divine Doctrines, translated from the German, and the Reformer begun by predicting "a great crash and downfall" to the spiritual world, in 1520 years from that date—which prediction is said to have been fulfilled by the denial of Christian Revelation in France, and the "Reason" of the last Day of Judgment" to be within 300 years. And again, in the 55th chapter of the aforesaid book, he hints that "about the time of the end" there will be a great "shaking" of the Heavens

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs. Hubbard, Lee & Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, and Mr. Wm. Hall, Jr., Editor.

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THOMAS SEVERSON is our Town Collecting Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE—Agent for Ohio, &c.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

DARKIES AT LIFE. By Solon Robinson. Part Third of this work has been received by Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson. We are pleased to learn that the entire series of Mr. W.'s agreeable writings are to be published in a form which will admit their being bound together for reference. In the case of the work before us, many agreeable writers who have gone before will be remembered.

BURR ON THE SOIL. *New York: J. S. Redfield: Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber.* This is a book replete with great research and critical knowledge of the original languages in which the Bible was written. It is a continuation of the controversy in which the learned author is engaged in reference to the resurrection.

DUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN. *Harper & Brothers.* This is a book which contains some excellent, practical, good suggestions—principally in relation to the education of the young. It has had in this city of *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and of *T. B. Peterson*.

NEW WORKS.—*T. B. Peterson* keeps us under constant obligations for the receipt of numerous new works, comprising every thing in the periodical and serial line worth having. Orders for works by mail or otherwise are promptly answered.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—No. Nine of this valuable work has been received by Zieber & Co., by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and by *T. B. Peterson*.

VIRGINIA. *Harper & Co.* This is the commencement of a series of historical sketches, published in neat and cheap form. It is a very interesting work.

LADDER'S LECTURES. No. 9 has been received in this city by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Zieber & Co.* This is a most excellent work.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Cunard steamer, Hibernia, at Boston, we have Liverpool dates to the 9th inst., and London to the 6th, and the news is of a somewhat striking interest or importance.

The Corn Market is not so active, but prices are nearly without change. The lower qualities of American cotton are being forced upon the market.

A rumor had been circulated that the interest of Pennsylvania for August 1st, would not be paid. The probable explanation is the absence of the Governor on Savingites, which, of course, the arrival of the steamer would relieve.

There were also rumors that foreign rumor operating on the markets and business generally. A paper of the 6th says:

Serious fears of a failure in the harvest now begin to be felt. The weather, at present, and for some time past, has been all that could be desired for harvest, and although the crops are generally described as good, yet they cannot be said to be above the general weather continue. The much increased demand for bread-stuffs which has prevailed during the past week the demand has so much increased, that the country will have to be drained for the supply of grain at present in the country in very limited, and a failure of the present crop would be a serious inconvenience. The stock of United States flour in Liverpool under lock consists of 90,340 barrels, of which about 15,000 are sweet, the remainder sour, and about 5,000 barrels are daily expected from the country. In the low, coarse quality of the Baltic wheat, will be of unusual value, as it will not be affected, and consequently will be much advanced very little the last few weeks, but the value has since been much enhanced.

General business is healthy, but speculation in stocks continues dull, and the heightened apprehensions are alarmed for the future. Mexican bonds have fallen in consequence of accounts of disorder and confusion in the Indian department amounts to £3,-814 10s. Mexican Bonds, £2,000,000 sterling, £2,-251,300 1858.

The state of the weather has been making itself felt in the Corton Market. The gloomy atmosphere of last week has been succeeded by warm breezes and genera on the middling kinds of American declined 4d per lb. The sales of the week are 37,000 bags, and of this quantity 2,000 American were taken on speculation. By the accounts from Manchester there has been no change worthy of notice.

In the Iron Trade there has been more doing of late. To the end of June the new demand has been followed whose it commands £3. 7s. 6d per ton. Bars £8 15s. Rail £8 15s. Scotch Pig, No. 1, £5 5s. No. 4, £5. The price of Rails rules from £8 10s. to £10 per ton.

The annexation of Texas is a thing done, causes some newspaper speculation, but not so much as it excited as a few months ago. The fact is that the war was consummated the enemies of democracy are destitute of a pretence, that it will "enslave" non-America, and probably lead to a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. McLane, our newly appointed Minister, to succeed Mr. Everett, has arrived in London.

Among the recent miracles, it is stated that Mr. Brunell, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, has devised a new railway engine, to run fifty miles an hour, and to work on eight driving wheels.

The Liverpool Chronicle says, we find that the declared value of the British machinery and mill work exported in 1844, was £776,256. The following are the principal countries to which it was exported, viz: Russia, £18,000; Prussia, £64,315; East Indies, £61,-000; Egypt, £44,091; Holland, £34,117; British West Indies, £34,109; United States, £22,793; Belgium, £14,934; Mexico, £14,807.

It is stated in the English papers that the most common gun manufactured for the United States steam ship Princeton, is the new double-barrelled gun, and its follow, for the armament of the Constellation which is being altered into a steamship. The Princeton, it is said, is to carry a gun which will be carried a cut on the rounded dangerous effects of destruction.

In the year 1844, there were exported 22,532 tons of British hardware and cutlery, of the declared value of £1,803,560. The value of Steam Vessels took 8,206 tons, value, £387,083; the North American Colonies, 1,932 tons, value, £167,870; Germany, 1,612 tons, value, £126,700; Mexico, 1,000 tons, value, £101,554; and East Indies and Ceylon, 1,182 tons, value, £113,181.

PARLIAMENTARY.

Twenty thousand pounds had been voted by the House of Commons, for the relief of Quebec.

The dangerous occurrence of railway accidents had caused attention in Parliament. Lord Ferrier then brought the subject before the House of Commons and threatened, unless the directors showed a keener supervision over their servants, to ease them of the duty, and throw the whole on the heads of the executive Government—a threat which will probably work a speedy and permanent cure.

The country has to contend a great deal of restless uneasiness. Mr. Fielden, one of the members for Oldham—a large manufacturer, and a gentleman of extreme political opinions—shocked, in an able speech, how grindingly oppressive the income tax can be made, even in the case of an obstreperous member of Parliament. Mr. Fielden's wealth and credit enabled him to make a statement which would have been the ruin of a smaller man—that his business, so far from yielding a profit, entailed an actual loss. The commissioners treated his assertion with contempt, and refused him relief. They assessed his business at producing £30,000 profit, and then, on appeal, to £12,000—after refusing to pay the tax on which, the officers of the Government distrained on his goods!

The Slave Trade Treaty Bill, which seeks to refer the subjects of fraud amenable to English law crimes, and to treat them as pirates, has met with a becoming, but fruitless opposition.

Parliament, it is expected, will be prorogued on the 15th.

IRELAND.

At the last meeting of the Repeal Association before the steamer left, the most prominent subject was a dispute between the repealers in London, a section of that body, and the rebellion against their leader, Mr. W. J. O'Connell; and they threatened to call a public meeting at the National Hall, in Holborn, to lay their grievances before the public. Mr. O'Connell said that if they did so, their names should be struck off the rolls of Conciliation Hall. The repeal rent for the week was announced to be over £350.

A great repeal demonstration took place in Wexford on the 23d ult. The progress of Mr. O'Connell from Bray to Wexford is described as one long triumphal procession. The last named town was crowded with people awaiting Mr. O'Connell's arrival. The open-air meeting was attended by a vast multitude, at which Mr. O'Connell was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. The dinner took place in a large tent erected on a timber yard, adjoining the quay. The dinner was served in a manner capable of accommodating about one thousand persons, and fully that number sat down to dinner.

A monster repeal meeting also took place in Galway, on the 27th ult. Mr. O'Connell's retinue was estimated at from 100,000 persons—extended over three miles in length. It is supposed that 250,000 persons were present.

CONTINENTAL.

The annexation of Texas to the United States has caused more conversation in Paris since it was effected, than it did before. It is stated that a very general feeling of dissatisfaction is entertained against the Ministry, and especially against M. Guizot, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, for having permitted the diplomatic agents of France to associate themselves with the agents of England in their exertions to induce the Mexican Government to acknowledge the independence of Texas, and to prevent its annexation to the U. States.

Mr. Catlin, the wife of Mr. George Catlin, the enterprising traveller among the Indian tribes, has published the last fasc icle of nature, in Paris, duly regretted.

The anniversary of the *Trois Jours*, was celebrated as usual in Paris.

Some interesting facts are published concerning the operation of the law regulating the employment of children in factories. It appears that the number of establishments subject to its provisions amount to upwards of five thousand; and no fewer than 70,000 children under sixteen years of age are employed in manufactories. Inspectors have been appointed in 250 districts to take care that no child under eight years of age be admitted into the manufactories, that children from eight to twelve be not allowed to work more than eight hours, and those from twelve to sixteen not more than twelve hours in the twenty-four. The children have regularly attended the public school, and in some districts, where none existed, the manufacturers themselves have caused them to be instructed at their own expense. The working of the law up to the present period has been perfectly satisfactory, and bids fair to be attended with the most beneficial results.

Great excitement was created in Switzerland by the murder of M Leu, a distinguished member of the Grand Council of Lucerne, while in bed with his wife. She heard the report and found her husband dead by her side. The Catholic papers said it was a case of suicide, but the Protestants said it was a case of suicide. But the mystery had at last dates been explained, and the murderer apprehended. He was a young man who had been in the habit of borrowed money from his master, who had recently demanded it, and had threatened to sue him closely if he did not pay. As a deed of blood, the motive is sufficiently bad, but these disclosures take from the crime all appearance of premeditation.

The Spanish Merchants are trying to get up a movement of refusals against English goods, on account of the exclusion of Cuba sugar from the British market.

The Emperor of Russia has issued an ukase, depriving certain classes of the privilege of obtaining grants of the exclusive right of working mines, which has heretofore been customary. The measure is agreeable to the aristocracy, for the yearly additions to their ranks have been so considerable, as to press the consideration with which their body was formerly regarded, and which should be regarded.

The Secretary of the United States Legation, in Paris, published a request in the newspapers to his countrymen to attend the funeral in respect to his lamented General Jackson, and he directed all American vessels to appear with their flags half-mast high on the day and request were attended to by the great number of Americans resident in France. The United States Ambassador would, no doubt, have attended, but his similar notice had he not happened to be absent from his duties

FROM THE EAST.

Two Turkish steamers, one going in, the other leaving Trebizond, came into collision on the 11th of July, when one went down with a great part of her crew and passengers. No less than one hundred and thirty-five persons perished. About seventy persons were saved by vessels, after the encounter, separated, and it was supposed, at first, that the one which sank was the vessel least in fault. As the other approached to the rescue, however, the sinking vessel heaved over (the passengers on the deck, like wild maniacs, were rushing in mass to the side) and sank in a moment. The number of waters she formed in sinking, almost made the other steamer upon round with the motion—others say, no wind; at any rate, the vessel was struck amidships, passed through London a few days since on her way to Paris. Mr. Blake, of Georgia, was also. A very distinguished looking countryman of his

Selected Poetry.

YEARNING FOR WONDERLAND.

FROM THE OBSERVER OF SOMERVILLE.

Ah! that I could wing my way
Through earth's realms of joy and misery—
Ah! that I could float all day,
O'er the evening hills,
Or the sunset rills,
Where the golden waters quiver!
Know not what it is to die!
Free gems and youthful ever!

Where Peace for ever reigns;
Where Peace for ever singing;
Where Love for ever lingers;
Where Love the flower bells swinging;
Through the trees the breezes sighing—
O'er the fruit all golden clinging—
Its so many fairy offspring!
Kissing the soft flowers delighted—
Thrown their sweets on the wind!
Never close the laughing eye;
Never sorrow come there!
Know not what it is to die!

Why is not' what calls between?
'Tis a rapid river rushing!
'Tis the sunset bridge I ween,
Which leads to the land of pleasure!
While my very heart strings quiver
At the cost of that dread river!

But I see a little boat
The ripples tremors gently riding;
Has it an fearless fear?
For I see no pilot guiding!
Courage!—no! there's no rowing
Hids ere upward is floating!
On, then, on—to love we rise!
The white-robed souls o'erflowing!
There are wondrous every where!
Those that we've loved the most!
Most here yon is the "wonderland!"

Danish Legend.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE WITCH CAPRUSCHE.

BY MRS K. F. ELLETT.

Toke Jarl has been called the Danish Macbeth; and indeed resembles in his ambition and evil fate, the hero whom Shakspeare has immortalized. In other respects he was a different character. The following is the legend as it is current throughout Denmark; Justice as a honorable task among the people, though never revenged in any lasting way. E. F. E.

In the dark ages, when Paganism ruled over the land, and the light even of civilization but faintly shone, there lived a king in Denmark, whose name fame has not descended to later times. Yet he governed it for twenty and possessed much power. During the period of this story, he was in the decline of life, and had been twenty years a widower. His only child was a daughter, the beautiful Rosetta, whose mother had died in giving her birth.

In all the neighboring kingdoms the fame of the princess Rosetta's beauty and virtues was widely spread; and many were the noble suitors for her hand. But the princess was proud and ungracious to all. She rejected every proposal of marriage, and treated her lovers with scorn, that almost all were too indignant to hide, and spoke of her with the bitterest of enemies on every side.

The old king was much incensed at this conduct, and sharply reproved his daughter. "Was it not enough," he said, "that I first wounded my people's choice of one of my nations—but they must be rewarded with such bitter contempt? They haughtily bearing and evil tongue have converted those friends into foes. Mistress' not, therefore at what I did. I am old and feeble; a few years—and I must depart from this earth, to take my place among the heroes of Valhalla and drink the mead of Odin. There sit young, and a woman who will shield them, when I am gone, from the powerful warriors—slip enmity. By the hatreds of Thor do I swear, then shall choose thee a husband—who may be thy protector and king in my place! If thou dost still refuse to do this, I swear by the Odin's golden horn, out of which heroes drink, I will name me a successor! I will not suffer this ungrateful girl to rule my people according to those own capricious will!" Then the king had thus spoken, he went out, leaving the princess alone. Her face was crimson with anger, and her blue eyes flashed resentment as she paced the room for some time with unquiet steps, for the thought that the sovereignty might be wrested from her was too painful for her to bear. At length she threw herself into a chair, and sat long with her hair head dropped upon her hands. Then starting up as if she had suddenly arrived at resolution, she retired to her own apartment.

For many days after, the old king showed much severity toward her daughter, and his harsh rebukes were frequent. At length she intimated that she was willing to choose a consort. "Let all the neighboring princes and nobles, and those who have wealth and power, be invited to a festival to be held in the court—that I may make choice among them of her father answered. "Not so, by Odin and Freya! The princes and nobles of the neighboring countries have no longer any pleasure in me." She retired then to choose one of thy own kinsmen. Valgar against them to fear the steel, or Ericsson Svend, the squire."

The princess curled her haughty lip in scorn, and answered not. But after some days she signified her choice. The person she selected was not among her rejected suitors. It was Toke Jarl, a nobleman of the island of Zealand, who had possessed a large patrimony of lands, and was moreover distinguished for courage and manly beauty. He was rather than Rosetta—even kinsmen, so that the old king made no objection to her choice, and became the husband of his daughter and his declared successor. He despatched messengers to Toke Jarl to announce to him his good fortune. Toke was well pleased with the intelligence and the light of his eyes and the ripe judgment of the princess. He received some of his best horses and his finest coats to be led as a present to the king, with thanks for his former done him, and announced that he would the next day present himself to claim the hand of his beautiful Rosetta, who should never have reason to regret her choice.

The marriage was celebrated with due splendor at the king's castle; where Toke Jarl proved himself a veritable hero; for he drank not only his father-in-law under the table, but also his cousin Roe, the stout, Ette, and found the squinter, without observing himself, the slightest symptom of intoxication. After this achievement he took the fair bride from her father, and led her to her nuptial chamber.

Rosetta was not happy: even after her union with the object of her choice. Ambition was her ruling passion; and she had hoped that the regal circlet of royalty upon her brows, even before it could lawfully descend to her by the death of her father—the evil spirit possessed her, and she hated the good old king from day by day he had so harshly rejected her, and proposed that he should be removed by her occasion.

She knew that Toke Jarl loved her passionately and resolved to make him her instrument for the gratification of her wicked desire. She assumed a deep tenderness—and a grief—even superior—at the sad fate which awaited her father. What, said she, then Rosetta?" would he act, and she would make no reply. Then Toke would throw his arms about her, and ask her if any one had wound her, he should die. The cunning princess crept more closely to him and paused, "Could those take away the life of the king, my father, and relieve the infancy of being called his murderess?"

Toke Jarl started and looked sternly and gloomily upon his wife. "It is the king," she continued, "who torments me day by day, and will die if he is suffered to live. Rosetta, then, that he or about to disinherit me, and then to send to the Eric his successor.

The love of Toke Jarl grew blank. "Thou hast said it!" exclaimed he, "it shall be done!" And he went out instantly.

The same day, one of his slaves, a Vulander by birth, came from the armory of Eric an arrow, marked with the letter T. Toke Jarl read there, and the words with this arrow, where the king was accustomed to hunt.

When at evening the monarch returned not—not even despatched—Rosetta felt no fear. They knew her corpse in the wood, the arrow buried in his side. The body was brought back with loud lamentations. The people ran tumultuously to the palace gates, every one recognized the arrow, and the cry was, Eric, the bloody Eric, hath slain our good king! Death to the murderer!" Toke Jarl despatched officers to arrest his wife's consent, and had his head struck off on the night of all. But he was proclaimed king and solemnly crowned, with Rosetta his wife.

The guilty were now at the height they had longed to reach, but happiness was not with the partner. On the contrary, both grew every day more gloomy and fearful, and each distrusted the other. If the queen accepted her husband's own rules for death, thought Toke Jarl, much less would she hesitate to consign her successor to the grave. Rosetta reflected with equal reason, that he who had himself taken away one from a life of her prompting, would as readily sacrifice her, whenever his love should be transferred to another. They looked on each other, therefore, with suspicious eyes, the king watching Rosetta's every word and action of his consort, and jealousy preventing her from ever entering into the chamber of the king, lest she should with from him the hearts of the people.

The queen hated her husband more and more every day, and could gladly have set herself at least but that she feared to undertake any deed of violence. Her proper hand could not avenge nothing who ruled them wisely, though he was severe even to cruelty in the punishment of punishment.

Rosetta, however, was of a different opinion, and pondered day and night on the means of accomplishing her wishes without incurring personal danger. One day she wandered alone in the forest, in the depths of which was a cavern, whose entrance was most rumored of intercourse with evil spirits of the wood. The princess knew this well enough, but the queen now sought her abode and was not long in finding it. She knocked at the door with her top stroke. She looked up to the sky for her young master and a smile curled her withered lips.

"I am the queen, said Rosetta coming at once to the object of her visit. "I seek thy aid against Toke Jarl, my husband.

"I had hoped he dead," asked the witch.

"He gentleness treasons against my life. I would be feeling hand with him."

The old woman dropped her bundle of sticks and stood upright bending full into the eyes of the queen. "I can do nought for thee," she said, "till then hast conquered with and those with whom I am leagued. Then must sign the compact and give me thy blood; then shalt thy veins be filled with the fire that animates immortal spirits and then shalt never taste of death."

"Will then promise me then, the queen on Toke Jarl?" asked Rosetta, her cheek flushing deeply. The old woman nodded. "Then I will comply with the conditions," said the queen, and the witch led the way to a cave hidden from sight by thick trees and bushes and foliage. Every door and the house of sun even at noon-day. Within the recesses of this cave the deep darkness was momentarily broken by hideous shapes that flashed like tongues of flame before the sight, and by the sudden glare of a fire that burned in the centre of infernal incantations. When the queen reappeared from the cave, her face was pale as death, and her lips were black; her skin before so delicately fair, had a sponge-like texture, as if fraught with the vapors of sunset; her eyes were much darker and flashed with almost fiendish fire. Rosetta was in high spirits and joy in her face she returned to the city and the palace, having promised the witch to remove the old man, to visit her on the seventeenth day of the following month to renew the league into which they had entered.

From that hour king Toke Jarl was attacked with illness. During the day he suffered not, but as soon as night came, the same pain returned, and confined him in all his limbs. It seemed to him as if sponge-like particles of fire were forcing their way within. The anguish was so intense that it threatened to destroy his life. But every day more emaciated, and wandered like a spectre about his palace. All the science of his physicians could avail nothing.

The little Finnish lapdog, impatient of retinal for his master from his ordinary rewards, determined on a desperate remedy. He went about through the woods, and upon the mountains, and down to the shore in the moonlight, from which he prepared a drink and administered it to the king, who lay before him on a couch and knew not what was done to him. After a while the dog always about Toke Jarl rose up in bed and looked around him.

"Where is the queen done to me?" he asked.

The Finnish slave threw himself on his knees before the king. "My gracious master," he cried, "I now now what is your malady! I have sought the most powerful remedies—remedies which I have myself become and banned by evil spirits and distilled them into a drink of which you have taken. The potion has done you no harm, but driven away your pains. Rosetta not known—but I suspect that your queen has a natural one. Now know I that my lord the king is bewitched; and I know moreover who has done it. Rosetta, your queen, is a witch; his life will be sacrificed, and the land will have to seek another king."

Toke Jarl sprang in horror from his couch. "By Thor's hammer and the horn of Odin," he cried, "I believe, that if thou dost say no discover who has done me this foul wrong, that thou shalt be free, and the highest noble at my court!"

But the law of gratitude was powerful in the mind of the royal by the royal couch, and answered, "My lord and master, I would never reveal even to you the secret, and receive from your hands my whatever gift you please, and from your hands my whatever kind and honor, and from your hands my life!"

Toke Jarl nodded, and the key went on. "Consider, my lord, how kind it was to give him his natural power over you! Was it not from that very power that you received the royal crown? Was it not from that very power that you obtained your queen? Was it not from that very power that you have been so widely spread; and many were the noble suitors for her hand. But the princess was proud and ungracious to her. She rejected every proposal of marriage, and treated her lovers with scorn, that almost all were too indignant to hide, and spoke of her with the bitterest of enemies on every side.

The old king was much incensed at this conduct, and sharply reproved his daughter. "Was it not enough," he said, "that I first wounded my people's choice of one of my nations—but they must be rewarded with such bitter contempt? They haughtily bearing and evil tongue have converted those friends into foes. Mistress' not, therefore at what I did. I am old and feeble; a few years—and I must depart from this earth, to take my place among the heroes of Valhalla and drink the mead of Odin. There sit young, and a woman who will shield them, when I am gone, from the powerful warriors—slip enmity. By the hatreds of Thor do I swear, then shalt choose thee a husband—who may be thy protector and king in my place! If thou dost still refuse to do this, I swear by the Odin's golden horn, out of which heroes drink, I will name me a successor! I will not suffer this ungrateful girl to rule my people according to those own capricious will!" Then the king had thus spoken, he went out, leaving the princess alone. Her face was crimson with anger, and her blue eyes flashed resentment as she paced the room for some time with unquiet steps, for the thought that the sovereignty might be wrested from her was too painful for her to bear. At length she threw herself into a chair, and sat long with her hair head dropped upon her hands. Then starting up as if she had suddenly arrived at resolution, she retired to her own apartment.

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